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IN MEMORIAM.

Caroline M. Jenkins White.





In Memoriam.

Caroline M. Jenkins White.

BORN FEBRUARY 20, 1803.

DIED AUGUST 2, 1883.




Our Mother Shall Rise Again.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

PAUL.

When in the other world love meets love, it will not be like Joseph and his brethren, who lay upon one another's necks weeping; it will be loving and rejoicing, not loving and sorrowing.

RICHARD BAXTER.



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Our Mother.



CAROLINE M. JENKINS, daughter of the late Hon. Robert Jenkins, and Kitty Dayton, of Hudson, New York, and widow of the late S. Pomeroy White, M. D., of New York city, departed this life at the residence of her son-in-law, Charles H. Hamilton, Spring Lake, New Jersey, on Thursday, August 2d, 1883, aged eighty years, five months and thirteen days.

The funeral services were held at the house of her son-in-law, Marcellus Hartley, 232 Madison Avenue, New York city. The interment took place at the cemetery in Hudson, New York, Sabbath Morning, August 5th, 1883,

where, having been lowered into the grave, according to her expressed wish, by the hands of her sons and sons-in-law, she sleeps with her fathers, awaiting the resurrection of the just.

Rev. G. W. F. Birch, of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, New York city, conducted the funeral services, delivering an address, the substance of which is given below. A quartette of loving friends sang two of the favorite hymns of the dear mother who is now singing the new song of the redeemed. The following pages show the order of the service.





Hymn.



ROCK of Ages, cleft for me!

Let me hide myself in Thee;

Let the water and the blood,

From Thy wounded side that flowed,

Be of sin the double cure;

Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Nothing in my hands I bring,

Simply to Thy cross I cling;

Naked, come to Thee for dress,

Helpless, look to Thee for grace,

Vile, I to the fountain fly,

Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in Thee.





Address.

THE ELECT LADY.—II John, i.



HE Apostle John thus designates a beloved friend, and inspiration, for our learning, has left its indelible impress upon the designation.

As I stand in the presence of this sacred dust, with my Bible in hand, and with the memories of an eighteen years' friendship filling my mind and stirring my heart, I feel that the only true estimate which can be given of the life, the work, the death, the soul, that make yonder casket the centre of interest to this company, is to speak of each in its order, as the life,

the work, the death, the soul of the elect lady. I say this, because the one we think of as in heaven, as we look at the revered form through our tears, was one who followed John's elect lady even as she followed Christ. Indeed she was her elect sister. The spirit of the second epistle of John is the spirit of the epistle of Christ, which has been written by the life which has so lately exchanged the dark glass of this world for a clear view of the realities of heaven.

The Apostle addresses his friend as one whom he loved in the truth, and not he only, but all they that have known the truth. Now to love our departed friend was to love the Bible, and there was no one who came within the circle described by her life, who did not stand in the light of the Word of life, as that Word shone forth in her Christian profession.

The fact that the children of the elect lady walked in the truth was an occasion of re-

joining to the Apostle. No one, who knew this mother, needs to be told that as her life makes up its jewels, those jewels, to speak her own mind, are her children and her children's children. She considered it to be her special ministry to train her children for God; to teach them to walk in the truth; and I know that she went to her final account with the conviction that she had sincerely, industriously, and faithfully endeavored to finish the work which God had given her to do. Almost the last word I heard her utter was the expression of her thankfulness to God for the devotion of her children. Her old age was so mellowed by the atmosphere of filial love, that the decline of life gave a remarkable exhibition of the vivacity and elasticity of spirit which so many cast aside with the period of youth. I am only saying what she told me, when I speak of the comfort and delight which the homes of her children gave to her earthly pilgrimage.

Hence, tender hearts respond to her last words, "Tell all my children to fear the Lord."

Thus she has gone to that heaven which has been the principal theme of her thoughts during these latter months. To summon her thither was, as it were, to read a name already written in the Lamb's Book of Life, for she was the elect lady. I believe that the parents of Moses had all the faith that the Bible declares they had—I believe that there was such a cleaving to God as that exhibited by the devoted Ruth—I believe that there was such a woman as the praying Hannah—I believe that there was a Mary, who felt that the costliest in her possession was the least that she could pour out on her Saviour—I believe all this, because I know that there was such a person as this elect lady.

Abraham asked the children of Heth for the possession of a burying place, that he might bury his dead out of his sight. But Abraham

knew that Sarah was living, for he had already received Isaac from the dead.

Dear friends, Hudson, New York, is your cave of Machpelah. You are about to bury your dead out of your sight. Your *dead*, remember, not your living one. Your living one is on high; absent from the body — present with the Lord.

“Heaven was in *her* before *she* was in heaven.”



Prayer.





Hymn.



SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!

From which none ever wakes to weep;

A calm and undisturbed repose,

Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet

To be for such a slumber meet!

With holy confidence to sing

That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!

Whose waking is supremely blest:

No fear — No woe shall dim the hour

That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.





Benediction.



THE God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do His will; working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. AMEN.



